

## A Lifer Who Built a Business With His Cell for an Office Has Now Become a Playwright

By Maude R. Toombs



Louis Victor Eytinge, sales expert, author and prisoner No. 2,608

IT IS the theater hour on Broadway—the hour of premiere showings, when the author of a big scenario or play faces his critics with fear and trembling.

Across the Arizona desert cars covered with alkali dust speed into the little town of Florence and draw up for the premiere of Louis Victor Eytinge's Universal Production, "The Man Under Cover," but the invited guests alight in the dark shadows of a prison wall and two gates rattle shut behind them as the warden, Captain Tom Rynning, ushers them into an improvised projection room behind bars.

### His Premiere Takes Place Behind Prison Walls

It is the Arizona state penitentiary—the only place where Eytinge's premiere can be held, because he is No. 2608, a lifer there, sent up for the killing of a man fifteen years ago. Lights flicker on blue-gray walls, on the five hundred prisoners who compose the audience and on the faces of the invited guests, who are tense with more than ordinary emotion. Although this is a unique occasion—the first premiere of a big film to be held within prison walls—it is a great deal more than that. It is the fulfillment of the crowning ambition in the life of a criminal who is known all over the country by his writings and has made hundreds of friends, men of talent and position, who have of their own free will written to him and offered him both friendship and position at five figure salaries should he ever gain his freedom, and who in the mean time pay him for his writing to the tune of many thousands a year.

Louis Victor Eytinge is counted one of the most brilliant advertising writers in the country. He has standing in every advertising club in the United States and is the author of books which are used as technical standards—and did it all since he was condemned to prison.

In 1907 Eytinge was nothing. He was less than nothing. He had already served two prison sentences and he was now going to be sent up for good, having narrowly escaped a death sentence. Also he weighed only 119 pounds and was under an even heavier sentence, that of the doctor, who gave him only two months to live because of tuberculosis.

He was born in Ohio of well-to-do parents; his father was a broker and speculator, his mother a charming and brilliantly clever woman. His parents were divorced when he was three years old, and his mother and her relatives brought him up. At sixteen he forged his first check for some little luxury he didn't need, and all through his teens he adopted this easy way of getting money—his folks squaring the checks. At nineteen he was serving time in the Federal prison for forgery committed after naval enlistment. He was pardoned on account of his youth and the family name. At twenty-two he was arrested for forgeries and was mixed up in an attempted jail escape while trial was pending. At twenty-eight he was just coming out of Columbus penitentiary with a five-year term behind him and a record for having been treated to every form of prison discipline which was practiced at Columbus at that time, which means just about everything. He was voted hopelessly bad and hopelessly tubercular.

### Went West for His Health And Lost His Liberty

His relatives promised him \$100 a month if he would go to Arizona and keep out of their lives and out of trouble. Exactly sixty days after that he was standing before a judge in Phoenix, accused of taking a man out with him in a buggy and murdering him on a lonely ranch. A woman had brought him out a drink of water and this led to his identification and capture. This same woman, Mrs. Todd, is now working for the Universal Film Company at 1600 Broadway, and immediately cried out her recollection of the incident when she heard the company had purchased Eytinge's picture. It was on a corner of her Bonny View ranch that the dead man's body was found, half eaten by buzzards, with his watch and wallet gone and an empty bottle of chloroform on the ground by his side. Whether Eytinge was guilty of his actual death no one is able to decide. The victim had asthma, heart trouble and tuberculosis, any one of which might have killed him. The prisoner was apprehended a thousand miles away, with some of the dead man's property in his possession. On circumstantial evidence he was condemned to life imprisonment. Judge A. C. Baker, of Phoenix, who defended him, paid expenses of a new trial out of his own pocket and William A. Pinkerton said it was improbable that Eytinge had committed murder, as a criminal bent was not in that direction; but, anyway, his relatives cut him off without a cent and disowned him, and he was led, so

weak he was hardly able to walk, to the prison hospital and left there to die.

In the first place, it was the mosquitoes that started Eytinge's "comeback." Before the state prison was moved to Florence it was at Yuma, only a few feet above the Colorado River. The cells were infested with mosquitoes. Eytinge had to live. He had to have money to buy netting and the milk and eggs which were the only food he could digest.

He noticed that tourists sometimes visited the prison and bought curios, made of horsehair and beaten Mexican silver, which were made and sold by the prisoners. From even this he was barred, because he was shut in the hospital ward, together with nineteen other consumptive cases.

From the advertising pages of a magazine he cut out the names of two Western curio dealers and he wrote, offering them horsehair trinkets made by him and the other ward prisoners, whom he organized into a sort of manufacturing force. At the end of the year he was sending out wonderful sales letters to about forty dealers. He had gained weight and he and the other prisoners were getting all the things they needed and making money.

Then the authorities decided that two letters a month were all that Eytinge could send out. Right then and there he learned the secret of writing sales letters of such pulling power that they were the wonder of the business world. Eytinge had to sink or swim on two letters a month. You can imagine what super-letters he made them—every word like the grip of a hand to draw in a helper, a buyer, a friend, and not one precious word wasted. In writing these letters he discovered truth, for he found that the truth forcefully told is the only strong, lasting sales argument. It began to make a new man of him.

Then the prison was moved to Florence, where it is 103 in the shade in July, but dry and healthful. Eytinge increased his weight to 190 pounds and was pronounced cured of tuberculosis. At Florence his moral change was further effected. The parole clerk took him from the hospital ward and made him his helper, gave him his friendship and let him help in positions where executive ability counted and where brains as well as honesty were required. Eytinge acquired a new respect

for honesty and for decent friendship, which fed his desire to get on in the world in the right way.

In February, 1912, Arizona's first year of statehood, George W. Hunt was made the first Governor. He chose Robert Sims as warden. Sims had advanced ideas on prison management. He removed the embargo on letters and the prisoners could write and receive as many as they wanted. He held that communication with the outer world tended to raise ideals and keep the prisoners sane. Eytinge was thus at liberty to become what he wanted to be—a specialist in the advertising field.

He had for a long time been studying the leading trade papers. He now launched sales campaigns and wrote letters to the different organizations, full of suggestions of originality and power. His own business was growing as well, but though he made several thousands a year he saved none of it. He spent it all on milk and eggs for sick prisoners, he sent paroled ones home to die, buried those who had no means, sent money to the families of men in want and helped men who were released with sums of money to start them in business. He had learned the secret of getting out of life what you put in it and of putting into it the finest that was in him.

### He Won a Silver Cup In Advertising Contest

In return he received letters from all over the country. Even his relatives came back, and those who were in business paid him well to write his sales letters. His booklet on "Giving Letters Life and Decent Dress," one of the most admirable works of its kind, was first read at the Toronto convention of the World's Advertising Clubs. It has been reprinted in more newspapers and booklets than any similar business document. His name appears as author of two sales books, and he has won a silver cup in a nation-wide contest among advertising men. He has written more than seventy-five articles of a technical nature and for two years was editor of a sixty-four page monthly devoted to direct mail advertising. He has written sales letters for hundreds of concerns all over the country, and were he free to-morrow could have his pick of several fine positions with advertising firms.

Recently a Chicago trade journal said of Eytinge's work:

"A study of Eytinge's style, of his reasoning, will repay any man. His command of vocabulary is marvelous. Every letter rings with his personality. Each is direct and convincing, and no opportunity has gotten by wherefore he could show greater interest, render greater service and cement and double rivet the tie that binds friendship. By the power of a letter he whipped a man whom he had never seen out of drunkenness into sobriety, after which he wrote to another man he had never seen, but who had written to him after reading some of his wonderful copy and secured for the reformed drunkard a position at \$10,000 a year."

One of his friends, to whom Eytinge owes a great deal, is Thomas Dreiser, of the Associated Advertisers.

"Dreiser," said Eytinge, "made me look up to the law of service and taught me to give the best that was in me at all times and that it would bring the best in others."

By many Eytinge's "comeback" is regarded as more remarkable than that of O. Henry, who was out of prison life before he began the career that put him among the foremost writers of his time. Eytinge never has been out of the shadow of prison walls since he began the new life that has brought him the respect of his fellow men. And apparently he never will be—for there are no indications that his sentence will be lessened.

Eytinge founded a mutual welfare league similar to the institution founded by Thomas Mott Osborne in New York. He says he will always devote a great part of his earnings to enable other men to find themselves and to come back as he has.

He has recently turned his mind to scenario writing, and while Universal has before this received scenarios from convicts which they have never been able to use, Eytinge's first was so unusual and breathed such power, such force of character and such technical skill in the plot that the readers immediately placed it in the category of special productions. "The Man Under Cover" is a story of criminal life written by a man who knows it thoroughly and who lived to learn that the real thrills come in beating the world in a straight, not a crooked, game. The lesson is brought home brilliantly and cleverly, not mawkishly or with a whining note.

"Author! Author!" they cried at the premiere in the prison when the last flicker of "The Man Under Cover" had been shown on the screen and it was about to be taken away and shipped to New York. Eytinge came before the improvised screen, a distinguished, almost handsome man of middle age, dressed in the plain gray prison uniform. In the audience were judges, brilliant men of letters, barristers, the parole board, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., the Attorney General of the state, officials of big film companies and the 500 convicts. Before them Eytinge spoke of some of the biggest men in the world who have made mistakes—some of those men going behind prison bars—and who have "come back."

### The Making of a Picture And of a Man

At the conclusion of his speech he received just as big an ovation as any that has been accorded an author on Broadway. When the members of the audience, such of them as were permitted to leave, filed out into the starry night and were whirled away to railroad stations and ranch houses, it was with a feeling that they had witnessed an even greater thing than the making of a strong moving picture—the making of a fine, strong life.

## Introducing Mr. Chow of Peking, American Intercollegiate Record Holder in the Indoor Broad Jump

By Jack Masters

Running Broad Jump—Won by Chow, Penn. distance, 21 feet 10½ inches; Ross, Penn. distance, 21 feet 5½ inches; second, Controls, New York University, distance, 21 feet 1½ inches, third.

THE little agile lines above may prove trying to the eyes, just as they do when you scan the summaries of a sport for some word of your favorite athlete, but, although somewhat obscure, they tell a story of athletic achievement of monumental brilliancy. Out of the Far East came this chap with a name made famous the world over by the doughboy. He came, he says, to study railway administration.

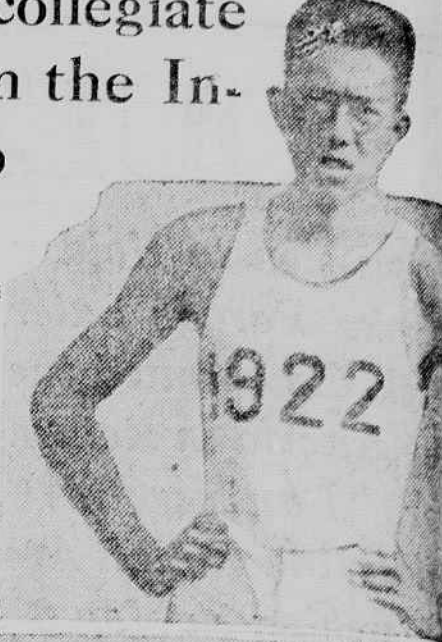
Yet he paused long enough in his studies to leave his imprint upon American athletic history in a manner such as no other foreigner has ever done, for by virtue of his victory in a recent set of track and field games held in this city Frederick S. T. Chow, of Peking, China, is the American intercollegiate indoor broad jump champion.

Until this sturdy son of the "Forbidden City," which houses the Dragon Throne of the Son of Heaven, flashed across the title horizon none of his race had so much as made a dent in the surface of our national amateur track and field championships.

In winning the indoor championship, held here for the first time last March, Chow leaped a distance of 21 feet 10½ inches into a pit that was only supplied with a few inches of sand. The runway to the pit was of necessity only a few feet wide, and it is safe to say that the new title-holder will better this performance in the coming outdoor meets.

The Oriental star has, however, selected a branch of sport that will withstand many assaults before yielding a record, for the world's mark of 25 feet 3 inches, established last year by Ned Gordin, of Harvard, appears unbeatable just now. The famous negro athlete on that occasion added 3½ inches to a mark that had stood since 1901.

The great Gordin has tried numerous times and under ideal conditions to reach within a foot of the leap which he made in Harvard Stadium while competing against Yale, Oxford and Cambridge athletes, but failure has marked each attempt. The Jacksonville negro will not be eligible for the intercollegiate, having graduated from Harvard last June, but in any event it is certain



Frederick S. T. Chow, who put China on the athletic map

that the man who wins the title will not be within twelve inches of the record. Chow, who speaks with only a slight accent, would much rather tell of his brother's exploits than relate his own achievements, but as the brother in question also appears to have reached into the heights of fame possibly Frederick is justified. I shall let him tell about it in his own quaint manner of speech. "I have been broad jumping since I was in school in Peking, where I attended preparatory department of the Peking National University. I was then champion of all-around athletics—that is, I scored most points. At home I received training from my brother, Clarence S. K. Chow, who is a Yale letter man in basketball.

### Owes Much of His Success To His Brother's Coaching

"He is quite an athlete also in hurdles and pole vault, and has record of 11 feet 10 inches in latter event. Clarence represented China in the first Far Eastern Olympic games at Manila, in which only the Philippine Islands, Japan and China were eligible. He won second place in decathlon and standing high jump and was third in pole vault. I mention him because I owe him a good deal in coaching and training me before I came to this country. "Since coming here several years ago I received valuable training from Coach Mackie of Cornell, and my present tutor, Lamm Robertson. In Cornell I made my name, and was on the freshman team, but before advanced far I had to go to University of Illinois to study railway administration, as am specializing in that course. I was there only one year and was not eligible for the team.

"Then I was transferred to Penn to finish off my course, and as a junior last year I did not compete or enter team, but simply took track class to fulfill credit for physical education, as required here."

It was while Chow was jogging around the track at Franklin Field last summer that Lamm Robertson, the big Penn coach, spotted him and told the little chap to report every afternoon for practice. Chow did not take kindly to the idea, as he was anxious to pursue his studies to the limit, but promised that he would keep himself in condition early this year.

Robbie found that Chow is a natural broad jumper, and immediately set about developing the lad in that specialty. Robbie often has had occasion to learn that his charge possessed a keen sense of humor, and Chow relates an incident which proves the point.

"One afternoon while on the field Robbie said to me, 'See that man running along the backstretch?' I turned and saw a great fat man running so slow along the track that even a snail could have beaten him. 'What is he doing?' I asked. 'You guess,' said Robbie. 'Well,' said I, 'he must be your weight man training for a fat man's race.' Then Robbie laughed heartily and said, 'No; he is my best pole vaulter.'"

Chow began to hit his stride as soon as Robertson took him in hand. The youngster won six firsts and two second places in the fall meets in addition to his crowning effort at the national championships.

Although he has not the statue of many of the most successful broad jumpers, Chow gets a powerful drive into his legs coming down the path to the take-off, and hurls his body into the air at just the right height for real distance. He is devoting much time to the technique of his specialty and will most likely develop the famous snap of the legs, which, coming just as the athlete is about to land, adds several inches to the jump.

### Penn Trainer Knew Athletic Material When He Saw It

Should he master this trick Chow will surely be a factor in the coming outdoor intercollegiate championships, as well as the national A. A. U. title meet. He is unusually keen about jumping, and the expert advice of Robertson, coupled with the lad's already great start may easily carry him to greater heights. He will undoubtedly represent China in the next Olympic games, as will his brother. It appears that Chow wanted to compete in the high hurdles at the title meet. He did run in two of the preliminary heats of that event, but Robbie insisted that he reserve his full strength for the running broad jump, in which he later scored his impressive victory.

The little Penn star has great hopes that his ancient country will awaken to the advantages of athletics. He is especially anxious that American coaches be retained by the China university to teach track, football, baseball, swimming, tennis, etc. Baseball and soccer have advanced rapidly; the latter is a national sport in the Far East, and the Chinese baseball team which recently toured this country administered several defeats to our leading college nines.

## GOTHAM ARABIAN NIGHTS

Tale of the Commander of the Mamelukes, Abdul El Inright, and the Crime Wave That Threatened the City

By FREDERIC F. VAN de WATER

Illustrations by Jefferson Machamer



The booksellers of the city cried aloud a new ware

HO, YE of the cult of Thugee, draw near. Cut-purses and bandits all, and the need of those whom Ali Baba outwitted, give ear to the thousand and forty-fifth tale told by the Sultana Shahrazad for the delectation of her lord, Shahryar, king of kings, even the tale of the valiant commander of the Mamelukes, Abdul el Inright, and the Crime Wave that threatened the city.

For it came to pass in the fifth year of the Profit that men learned by signs and portents that spring was near. In the well-kept parks of the domain of the good Caliph Hy-lan of the Ruddy Countenance the first bul-bul sang and the first of the early strollers came upon a bandit by the river's brim. And by the highways the dandelion and the highwayman greeted the traveler, while the night-blooming burglar flourished and burgeoned. Then opened the dwellers of the city their windows to greet the wind of the south. And the breeze of spring entered their homes and the second-story man came with it.

Then by day and night the song of spring echoed in the hearts of young and old, and the petals of the almond tree blossomed and the blackjacks fell together, and in the dusk the nightjar and the yegg called to their mates.

And strange stirrings came to the bosoms of men, and they dreamed strange dreams and, waking, wondered at the bumps and contusions upon their craniums and the absence of anything in their pockets.

Then arose tumult among the people, and one stood forth and cried aloud, saying: "Behold, I have been robbed of all that I have, and my house is left to me desolate. For thieves have entered and despoiled me, and I demand vengeance be meted out to them by the Mamelukes of the Caliph, for all that remaineth to me is my watch and three dirhams, twenty-four dirhams in this my pocket."

And as he spoke one approached from behind, and the mourner saw all at once the stars of the heavens and the planets thereof in a mighty cluster, and when he came to himself, behold the watch and the three dirhams, twenty-four dirhams were his no longer.

Then cried out another, saying: "Behold, this day is my place of business filled with treasure such as I fear some evil man may steal, and I ask that Mamelukes of the Guard be sent to watch over it."

And his request was granted, but when he returned to his place of trade with the guards naught remained but for him to send them away and sit, bereaved and sorrowing.

Yet another cried aloud in the marketplace, saying: "Alas, by the tears, Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, things have come to a sad state, indeed. For the thug and the bandit flourish and the mourners go about the street while Abdul el Inright sitteth in his own palace preparing his income statement with care and precision. Wallah! Would that the days of this inefficient were ended and the good Pasha Wuds once more led the Mamelukes."

Then he who uttered such treason and profaned his talk with the name of one accused felt the least truncheon of one of the Mamelukes descend upon his skull and his worries were ended and the coroner said it served him right.

Now, all these matters were reported to the commander of the Mamelukes, Abdul el Inright, where he sat among his bank books, market reports and other documents of his office. Whereat he smiled and said: "It is the will of Allah."

Then the days of April drew on toward May, and the city waxed with the year in prosperity. The merchants of blackjacks and the vendors of firearms flourished and enlarged their stores, and the gumshoe makers declared an extra dividend. The hatters of the city put on more salesmen to serve those whose tarbooshes had been damaged beyond repair by blows; the wise hakims, the physicians of the realm, selected what patients they chose from their

waiting lists, and the hospitals of the city ordered new flotillas of ambulances.

Yet those who served the interests continued to murmur so that their clamor came to the ears of the Caliph, yet he heeded these not until an unhappy day when Mamelukes and bandits meeting for target practice selected as their mark one who served in the office of the Caliph's own reader of the law, not knowing that he was anything but a mere citizen.

Then, when word of the affair was brought to Hy-lan he glowered, but when Abdul el Inright learned of it he lifted his eyes from the pamphlet depicting a tour of the North Cape in which he had been engrossed and only murmured: "It is the will of Allah."

Yet the clamor of those who had recovered sufficiently from their injuries to speak continued and some even cried: "Send away from his post the Commander of the Mamelukes and place in his stead one who will smite the criminal as hard as the criminal smiteth us."

So at length the Caliph Hy-lan of the Ruddy Countenance summoned the Commander of the Faithful, and Abdul el Inright, studying the list of the Caliph's relations and seeing that they all had jobs, sighed and knew not wherefore he was summoned.

And when he appeared before Hy-lan in his glory, the Caliph spoke, saying:

"O, leader of my Mamelukes, men cry out that crime walketh abroad in the streets of my city and remaineth unchecked."

Then Abdul el Inright replied: "Fount of all wisdom, this may be, but blame only thyself for the presence of lawbreakers, for even these, O Caliph, have heard of the wonder and majesty of thy presence and have journeyed from afar to this thy city to look upon thee and marvel. Perchance it may be that the number of my Mamelukes is insufficient to cope with the crooks, but consider also the number I have set apart to sing thy praises and the efficiency of their work in odes, chorals, flourishes and ruffles."

Then quoth the Caliph: "Stand forth!"

And certain folk, well bandaged and plastered, obeyed, whereat Hy-lan said to them: "Ye have asked that I dismiss this my Commander and replace him with another. Look at him well, and then observe the rest of my household, and if any seem better fitted for his post than he himself, speak and say so."

Then those who had murmured against Abdul el Inright gazed upon Sinn-ott the vizier, in his gorgeous garments, and Abu Ibn Craig and the Emir Bruckner and the others of the Caliph's train. Long and eagerly looked they and said at length:



The dandelion and the highwayman greeted the traveler

"Prince of Perfection, we have looked. It might just as well be Abdul el Inright."

Then spake the Commander of the Mamelukes again:

"O Protector of the Poor, on the morrow I shall take final steps to blast utterly those who have offended in some small way or another against the laws of this thy city. Be patient."

And he withdrew and on the morrow the booksellers of the city cried aloud a new ware, even a screed by the Commander of the Mamelukes, Abdul el Inright, entitled: "How to Keep the Criminals From Crime: A Lecture in One Hundred Don'ts."

Meanwhile the good Caliph thought deeply of the problem and at length, calling the lords of his realm together, spake to them saying: "Behold, it is my belief that if we were to enlarge the force of the Mamelukes by a thousand or so folk would notice Abdul el Inright less among so many."

And it was done as the good Caliph suggested.

And the Commander of the Faithful, seated at his office desk in the innermost chamber of his citadel, laid aside the book on the tour of the North Cape with a sigh and selected one dealing with the joys of summer in the Canadian Rockies.